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Title: The Origin of Kryste Part Two

Author: Kryste  
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To say the least, I was very impressed by it and almost immediately felt at home there. I commented about it, and he told me that if I ever needed a place to stay, I would be welcome there. Words could not describe how pleased I was. We also made small talk while we were waiting for his friend Lucus to arrive, and he eventually told me about the Order. I felt like... well.... like I belonged there, but I still hadn't made up my mind about joining their fold or not. After all, Kyle was human and he took care of me for a major part of my life up to that point. So I told him that I would think about it. Before long, Lucus showed up, followed by a white wyrm. I was amazed that not only were there others like me that could understand the languages of the other creatures, but that there were some that even developed it to the point where they could understand the most difficult of them, that of such creatures as the wyrms, dragons and nightmares. (To this day, I still cannot

communicate with  
those creatures unless  
someone introduces me  
to them first.

\*laughs\*) Before I  
could comment on the  
creature, he asked me  
to show him the rune  
that Kyle had given  
me. I did, and he  
concentrated on it and  
opened a glowing blue  
gate. I thanked them  
for their kindness  
and my bears and I  
stepped into the gate  
promising them that I  
will return.

I walked through the  
gate to suddenly being  
swarmed by blood  
elementals. I barely  
recalled out with my  
life, and I'm pretty  
sure that all the bears  
perished in the attack.  
Kyle, the only human  
I have ever trusted,  
had betrayed me by  
giving me a rune that  
would lead me to  
almost certain death.  
And why he did this I  
still don't know. But  
that's when I made my  
decision; I hated  
humans. All of them.  
Kyle, the beggars on  
the street, even my  
own birth mother,  
who I hardly even had  
the faintest memory  
of. I decided to take  
my revenge. I was not  
foolish enough to take  
on Kyle by myself,  
but it was time for my  
mother to pay for  
what she did to me so  
soon after I was born.

I convinced 10 of my  
wolf friends to use  
their incredible sense  
of smell to track her  
down by getting a  
whiff of the blankets

she had left on me  
when she abandoned  
me in the woods. The  
wolves all sprung on  
her at once when we  
found her. She was  
knocked onto the floor  
with the wolves all  
pinning her down, and  
I sliced away at her  
body with my katana  
blade, taking pleasure  
in inflicting  
unbearable pain with  
every blow, and not  
even having the mercy  
of killing her to make  
her suffering end  
quickly. When she  
passed out from the  
pain, I slapped her  
hard across the face  
so she will be conscious  
for every last moment  
of absolute torture. I  
took out a smaller  
skinning knife and  
made a large incision  
down the middle of  
her chest wide enough  
to reveal her still  
beating heart. "I'm  
surprised ye actually  
have a heart," I replied  
sinisterly "but thou  
wilt not have one for  
much longer!" and I  
reached in and  
grabbed it, stopping  
for a moment to savor  
feeling it beat faster  
and faster in my  
hands. Then, I ripped  
it out while she was  
still screaming, and  
took a huge bite out of  
it while the sound of  
terror still echoed  
throughout the room. I  
savored the taste, and  
devoured the entire  
thing. I still wanted  
more. I cupped my  
hands into the  
remaining wound and  
lapped up the blood, not  
caring about  
bloodstains getting all

over my clothes, face,  
and hands. And I still  
wanted more. I would  
have drained her dry,  
but I heard people  
coming that would be  
soon after my  
hide..... so I recalled  
back to golgatha to join  
my new found  
friends in serving the  
Skull.

For the next 5 years  
or so, I worked very  
hard on different  
things to prove myself  
worthy of  
immortality.. First as  
a Warrior, then as a  
mage, until one  
evening Vichten  
summoned me to  
Jhelom on "important  
business". I was so  
nervous that I  
concentrated on the  
wrong rune and ended  
up at the gate of the  
legendary city of  
Wind. I was not  
knowledgeable enough  
in magery to be  
granted access to the  
city, but listening to  
the sounds of the  
liches through the  
cave walls, I knew  
I was going to come  
back there someday,  
But today was not the  
day. So I talked to a  
friendly crow, telling  
him to deliver a note  
telling Vichten where I  
was and that he would  
have to come and bring  
me a rune to Jhelom  
because I did not have  
one in my backpack.  
When he finally  
arrived, it was time  
for him to bring out  
the wrong rune, and  
we ended up in  
Moonglow. Needless  
to say, it took every bit  
of my effort not to die

of uncontrollable  
laughter by the time  
we finally got to  
Jhelom.

He brought me to his  
haven, and so I asked  
him what I could do  
for him now that we  
were there. He hardly  
said a word except for  
telling me to remove  
my gorget. So I obeyed,  
and he sank his fangs  
deep into my jugular  
vein, draining me of  
almost all my vitae. I  
dropped to the ground  
almost dead. He bit  
into his own wrist,  
and brought it to my  
lips, letting his vitae  
drip onto them until I  
slowly came around  
and started to drink it  
on my own, first  
slowly, since his  
blood was so different  
than my mother's, and  
much more addicting.  
But then I got greedier,  
and drank until he had  
to eventually throw  
me off of him. I was  
knocked unconscious  
again, and had a great  
deal of difficulty  
opening my eyes  
when I came to. But  
when I did, I saw him  
smiling into them  
saying, "Now my  
childe, ye are  
Gangrel", and he gave  
me a diamond ring cut  
into the shape of a  
wolf's head, the  
symbol of our clan. I  
saw something of my  
reflection in his well  
polished halberd, and I  
noticed that there was  
something definitely  
different about my  
eyes. So I got up to get a  
better look at myself,  
and I saw that my  
eyes had changed

drastically; My right eye now looked like the solid purple eye of the wyrm I saw accompanying Lucus, and my left eye looked like that of a dire wolf. And I also saw that I had grown a pair of fangs that were longer than my grizzly bear mother's. Any other human would have been terrified at the change, but not I. I actually felt more comfortable now because I looked more like my grizzly bear parents and my other friends in the Britain Woods. My adventures don't end here, but this is where the story ends of how I became a Gangrel.

\*On the back of the book you see a sketch of a wolf's head done in blood, surrounded by 4 grizzly bear teeth on each corner.\*